THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JUNE, 1813.

MEMOIR OF MRS. LENNOX.

THIS lady, who was much distinguished in the literary world for her extraordinary merit, had the honour of being the *protegée* of Dr. Johnson. Her maiden name was Charlotte Ramsay. Her father, a field-officer, and lieutenant-governor of New York (where she was born), sent her to England at the age of fifteen, to a wealthy aunt, who, unfortunately, upon her arrival, had lost her senses, which she never recovered. Soon after this distressing occurrence, her father died, and Miss Ramsay from that time supported herself solely by her literary talents. She was married at a very early age to Mr. Lennox, a gentleman in a public office; and, in the year 1752, published two very excellent novels, "The Female Quixotte," and "The Memoirs of Harriet Stuart." It was soon after the publication of the former work that she was introduced to Dr. Johnson, as a young lady of considerable genius; but nothing could exceed the astonishment of Mrs. Lennox, at the odd manner in which she was

received. The doctor took her on his *knee*, as if a *mere child;* after which he *carried her in his arms*, to shew her his library; and, as if resolved to be uniform in his conduct, sent his servant to a pastry-cook, to purchase some cakes for the young lady. Mrs. Lennox found herself greatly embarrassed; but a respect for his character stifled even the idea of resentment, and she preserved an intimacy with him till near the period of his decease.

Her novel of "The Female Quixotte" was favourably received. In the following year she published, "Shakspeare illustrated," in two volumes 12mo. to which she soon afterwards added a third. This work consists of the novels and histories on which the plays of Shakspeare are founded, collected and translated from the original authors; to which are added many critical notes, tending to prove (what the admirers of our immortal bard will never admit), that Shakspeare has disfigured the stories in dramatizing them, by low contrivances, absurd intrigues, and improbable incidents. In 1756, Mrs. Lennox published the "Memoirs of the Countess of Berei," taken from the French, in two volumes 12mo. and "Sully's Memoirs," translated also from that language, in three volumes 4to. which being executed with much ability, has been frequently reprinted. In 1758, she produced "Henrietta," a novel of some repute, in two volumes 12mo. and in 1760, with the assistance of the Earl of Cork and Orrery, and Dr. Johnson, she published a translation of "Father Brumoy's Greek Theatre," in three volumes 4to. the merit of which varies very materially in different parts of the work. Two years after, she published "Sophia," a novel, in two volumes 12mo. which is inferior to her earlier performances. To these she afterwards added "Euphemia," a novel, 1790, in four volumes 12mo. Her success in the dramatic line was not equal to that which she experienced in general literature and romance. In 1757, she produced "Philander," a pastoral drama, taken from the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini,

but not adapted for the stage. The catastrophe of this performance would have been more interesting, had it been formed on the Italian poet: it would at least have rendered unnecessary the introduction of a personage, whose appearance ought seldom or never to be tolerated, except in masques, and allegorical pieces; we mean a deity in his own person. In 1769, she brought forward "The Sister," a Comedy, taken from her own novel of "Henrietta." "Though it was treated severely," says a late able critic, "and performed but one night, at Covent-garden Theatre, it is written," he observes, "with a considerable degree of good sense and elegance." Dr. Goldsmith's Epilogue to it is perhaps one of the best that has appeared in the course of the last fifty years. Her last dramatic piece was "Old City Manners," a comedy, acted at Drury-lane, 8vo. 1775, altered from "Eastward Hoe," by Ben Jonson, and others; from which, it is said, Hogarth took the plan of his series of prints, called "The Industrious and Idle Apprentices. Mrs. Lennox's alteration was favourably received. The patronage she received from writers of established celebrity, combined with the encouragement she met with from a discerning public, ought to have secured her a decent competence; but this, from some cause or other, was not the case. The latter part of her life was clouded by sickness and penury, and her chief support was derived from the Literary Fund. Mrs. Lennox died on the 4th of January, 1804, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

C.

EURAH,

AN EASTERN STORY.

Eurah was strong as the lion; his feet were swift as the antelope of the desert; his looks were as the radiant sun when it rises in the East; his javelin would stretch the enraged tyger at his feet a lifeless trunk, and his arrows overtake the leopard's flight . . . . His father saw him rise stately as the cedar, in the pride of youth; and at night and sun-rise were supplications offered up to Alla for his preservation and protection; daily did he receive a father's blessing, which fell soft as the dew of heaven upon the grass of the hills, and sweet as the honey in the rocks of the desert . . . . . but his soul delighted not in peace, and the quiet vales of Shiraz.

He thirsted after War. With the ray of the morning he arose, and fled from joy and peace . . . . . His path winded in pleasing variety over fertile tracts; now rising on his view, were sloping steeps, crowned with the richest foliage; and plains, enamelled with luxuriant flowers, which spread on the morning gale their fragrance; meandering at his feet a chrystal stream glistened in the morning beam, and flowed along in gentle waves; and further, expanding to the eye, seemed a vivid lake of burnished gold, reflecting to the skies another sun, which now had bursted in heavenly grandeur above the distant horizon. Eurah stopped to survey the scene; it roused his martial soul to ecstacies; the bird of paradise broke the stillness of the grove; he caught the echo of the shepherds' pipes, who, on the hills surrounding, tuned to the orient morn their matin song. . . Again, with hasty steps, he plodded on his journey. Now leaving far behind him those delightful plains, his path winded over some rising hills, whose gradual ascent conveyed to

his wandering eyes the landscape's surrounding grandeur; the lake, which seemed before a sea, now presented its winding course but as a streak of light amid the dark luxuriant beauty of the groves, which crowned its banks; the extensive plains became intersected with the forest's pride, rising in variegated beauty, and touching the farthest horizon; his native hills, clad in a mantle of the softest dye, conveyed to his lingering view the humble scenes of past endearments; . . . . he dashed the gathering tear from his eye, and darted on with hurried pace . . . . . In blazoned car, the god of day now paced the centre of the heavens; no vapour rode throughout the vast expanse, and, unobstructed, his sultry influence, darted with fiery glance through cloudless ether, his rays scorched each flowery shrub. Eurah became fatigued; he entered a grove of palm trees, and, led by the pleasing sound, he approached a chrystal fountain which issued from a rock; it was cool and fragrant; and, shaded by the surrounding foliage, its banks were crowned with richest verdure; he quenched his parching thirst, and stretching himself on the mossy turf, the following words caught his eye, cut in characters in the rock from whence the stream issued:—

"Pilgrim, here rest from thy labours;
Banish each ruder thought, and meet repose;
Let not Avarice sojourn in thy breast,
Nor Ambition mar thy slumbers;
But let Contentment guide thy footsteps
Along the peaceful vale of life,
And thou shalt know tranquillity and . . . . . .

The moss had here crept over the stone, and time's rude arm obliterated the remaining part of the sentence; yet it sunk deep into his soul:—he pondered with pensive attention on the words, which still attracted his eye, and which appeared formed by some lone anchorite of

the desert; till, invited by the coolness of the shade, he sunk into a profound slumber . . . . Although the day's fatigue was now forgotten, imagination forsook not her empire, but in more striking colours revelled in his mind. Now bursting on his sight with horrid glare appeared a host of men, with rude distorted features; their cheeks were sunk and sallow, and their fiery eyes, that seemed just bursting from their sockets, pictured the forms of horror and desperation; it was midnight darkness; they were surrounding an engine which seemed surcharged with every terror of the universe, and by its vivid glare alone could he distinguish each dreadful object that encircled him; it burst, at gloomy intervals, with dread appalling sound, levelling to the dust whole ranks of human beings, whilst groaning beneath its wheels were numbers writhing with agony and torture, and wallowing in the purple stream of life, which still issued from the mangled corses of their fallen comrades. . . . He gazed awhile with horror; then essayed to fly from such a scene, which seemed to him the regions of the cursed; but his progress was checked by bodies stiff in death, or struggling with the last pangs of dissolution: his terror increased with his speed, and every step was over ruin and desolation. His eyes, that wandered in quest of some less moving scene, now caught the smoke of peaceful habitations, which were levelled in ruins; and buried beneath their walls were mangled bodies of defenceless women, and infant babes, who had found a grave within their mother's arms, or perhaps were dashed with barbarous rage against the flinty ground, and left to perish in baleful misery. Despair now wrought with double force upon his imagination, he grew wild with dread; his eyes rolled in anguish; he was nigh falling, when he perceived an old man approaching him, who, by his habit, appeared to be a Dervise. Eurah was about expressing, with wildness, his astonishment, when the old man checked him with

these words, " Son, wonder not; for what thou sees't is War." . . . . .

Sleep forsook his eyelids, but still the last words echoed on his ear, still glimmered before his sight the carnaged scene, where, darting through the peaceful shade, the evening sun alone was playing between the branches of the trees. He arose; and gazed with tranquil rapture on the bright canopy of heaven; then sought, with cheerful heart, those scenes he had left of Innocence and Peace.

OSMOND.

INSTANCE OF MAGNANIMITY.

At the siege of one of the strong towns in Flanders, during the wars of Louis XIV. it was necessary to reconnoitre the point of attack. The danger was almost inevitable: a hundred louis were promised to any one who would undertake it. Several of the bravest of the soldiers appeared indifferent to the offer, when a young man stepped forward to accomplish the desired object. He left the detachment, and remaining absent for a long time, he was thought killed. While the officers were deploring his fate, he returned; and no less gained their admiration by the precision than the *sang froid* of his recital. The hundred louis were immediately presented to him. *Vous vous moquez de moi, mon général,* was his reply; *Va-t-on là pour de l'argent?*

THE MANIAC, ...

A FRAGMENT.

BY R. PORTER.

"And could a wretch more wretched be,
More wild or fancy-fraught than he,
Whose melancholy tale would pierce a heart of stone."

MRS. ROBINSON.

THE sun was retiring behind the western hills, the feathered songsters of the neighbouring groves poured out their praise in loud strains of purest harmony, before he completely disappeared; in short, it was evening, when Henry left the hall, and its dissipation, to enjoy, for a short time, the more moderate pleasure of an evening ramble. He bent his steps to the wood; it was his favourite walk: in that covert he had passed in his youth many a pleasant hour; there, in riper years, he had walked, for the last time, with his Maria. He reached the very spot where he had taken his last farewel; a thousand tender sensations crowded upon his mind; he seated himself upon a bank, and resigned himself to meditation. "And can such a being as she appeared to be," said he, to himself, "be faithless? Could such a heart, such a tender heart as she seemed to possess, write so cruel a letter as that I have received? Yes, it is too true: 'Frailty, thy name is woman.' She delights in my distress, and some happier rival has usurped my place in her affections. Again will I peruse her letter, the fatal instrument of my death, signed by the hand of her who but lately, I flattered myself, loved me with an unceasing affection." He drew the fatal letter from his pocket, when suddenly an exclamation of surprise proceeded

from some person who seemed to be near him. He looked round, and at the distance of about twenty paces, perceived a human figure extended on the grass. The noise he had made in unfolding the letter had aroused him, and he stared on Henry with looks of mingled fear and simplicity.

His face was pale and ghastly, a long bristly beard overshadowed it; his legs and feet were bare, and lacerated by thorns; a faded regimental coat covered his shoulders, and he appeared about forty years of age. He started on his feet as Henry approached him, and eagerly exclaimed, "Well, is he returned? have you seen him? how did he look? he must have suffered much; say, did he ask how his poor father fared?" "I have no tidings to bring you; of whom do you speak?" said Henry. "Then you have not seen him?" continued the maniac, as Henry surveyed his emotion.—"Perhaps you know my daughter; know you the wretch who seduced her; his name is Welby? Say, does my Harriet pine and wander in the wide metropolis?" He was silent; his head fell upon his breast, and he again seated himself upon the ground, in silent apathy. Henry sat down by his side; the maniac raised his head, and looked steadfastly in his face; the wild madness which so lately shone in his eyes was gone, and a soft melancholy overspread his face; his reason had partly returned, and he addressed Henry as follows:—"This is kind of you; three long years have elapsed since I fled from mankind, and concealed myself in these sequestered haunts; yours is the first face that has looked with kindness on me. I was a young man, a very young man, when I beheld my Harriet reading in this wood; I loved, wooed, and married her; five years we lived in peace and harmony: I had a son and daughter,—these were halcyon days,—all was calm and tranquil as this delightful evening; soon, too soon, a dreadful storm burst upon me; I went to fight for my country; my wife and children remained behind, in England, anxiously waiting

for my return. Five long dreary years I lingered in prison, in a distant land; four of my fellow-prisoners and myself made an attempt to escape; our wives and children grieving for us in England, animated our endeavours, which were attended with success. We arrived in our native land, bid adieu to each other, and sought our own homes. Wearied and tired, I arrived at the little cottage where I had left my Harriet, my daughter, and my son. I had pictured to myself, as I travelled onward, their joy at seeing me return, the embraces of my beloved wife, the questions of my daughter, and the sincere congratulations of my neighbours. My fond fancy had formed long schemes of bliss and enjoyment; my little farm, my winter's evening fire-side, when I would recount the perils I had passed; my summer harbour, where we would drink our tea, and smile at past misfortunes; the marriage of my son and daughter, and the little grand-children prattling on my knee, amused the long and heavy hours which intervened between me and my home, and shortened the weary miles I had yet to travel." His speech now became more hurried and inarticulate, as he proceeded:—"It was night when I reached the cot; I knocked at the well-known door; I prepared to clasp my Harriet in my arms;—it was opened by a stranger. I rushed into the room; there was a woman, but, oh! how unlike my wife! there were sons and daughters, but not those concerning whom I had formed such dreams of happiness. My wife was dead,—my daughter was seduced by a villain,—my son, who had gone in search of me, had fallen a prey to the merciless ocean; all my hopes are blasted; I am a wretch, an outcast on the earth.—Return, my son, and bless thy father's arms.—Give me my daughter, villain!—where is she? I would yet forgive her:—I see her; she stands upon the cliff!—Look! look! she heeds it not!—Oh! she will fall, unless I save her!"—so saying, he ran with all his speed after the phantom his imagination had created, and was seen no more.

SECOND LOVE;

A TALE.

(*Continued from page* 151.)

At length it became impossible that Don Cignola, the brother of the lovely Seraphina, could any longer dissemble his love for the charming Camilla Ordonnez; he now braved all the fury of his aunt, by informing her that Almeria Ruiz was perfectly indifferent to him, and that he had resolved to put himself in the possession of happiness by marrying the only woman he had ever adored, leaving Donna Ursula overcome with vexation and disappointment, and his sister a victim to his pertinacity in the object of a self elected choice. Fearless of the indignation of the family of Ruiz, he immediately posted to Calatrava, and laying his fortune and possessions at the feet of Camilla Ordonnez, he became her affianced husband. During his absence, the family of Donna Ursula remained in comparative quietness. Don Torsedillas de Talavera, from the love he bore to his cherished Seraphina, heard the satyrical remarks on the lovely Camilla with tolerable patience: irritable indeed as was his disposition, he had much to suffer. Donna Ursula was by no means a generous enemy; and although she vented her spleen in virulence of attack, she yet expected her guest should be forbearing and compliant.

A week had now elapsed since the departure of Don Cignola, when the bells of his mule were heard, and the cavalier was seen passing through the valley. Talavera and Seraphina had been taking their evening ramble when they first discovered the approach of their friend; but, from the circuitous route that they were obliged to

make, in order to reach the castle, the brother of Seraphina arrived before them. The climax of their fate seemed fast approaching: on entering the vestibule, they heard the aunt and nephew in loud and discordant converse; which became less as they approached the corridor. The brow of Donna Ursula seemed to relent, when the congratulations of Torsedillas raised in Cignola the idea of his happiness, and he informed his friend he was married. The joy of Don Torsedillas was now beyond all bounds; he had long known the affection that Camilla Ordonnez bore for the brother of his Seraphina; he greatly apprehended that their aunt would destroy the happiness of his amiable friend through her machinations and intrigues with the family of Ruiz; his congratulations therefore burst out in actions and words little compatible with the phlegmatic character of a Spaniard; and Donna Ursula, conceiving he was triumphing over her, left the room, darting at the same a look of indignation which appalled the soul of Seraphina. The afflicted girl threw herself at the feet of her enraged relative; she bathed his hand with her tears; but from the violence of her passion, she was for a time unheeded. "Is it not enough," exclaimed Donna Ursula, "that your brother has dared to make me contemptible in the eyes of the illustrious house of Ruiz? that he has united himself to a family I object to, as being ignoble, but that this *boy*, this heretic, Talavera, should presume to triumph over me? but I will be revenged. While there are ministers of justice, and the Holy Inquisition are disposed to perform their duty, he shall not escape. Is not this accursed union owing to him? Did he not introduce—Did he not first make them known to each other?" It was in vain that Seraphina ventured to divert the prejudice of her aunt, by representing the innocence of Talavera; the futility of supposing he could cause two persons to feel a warm passion for each other; or that he could effect causes

without the means being propitious. Donna Ursula was deaf to her entreaties; revenge for this insult occupied her whole soul; the felicity of Don Torsedillas was in her power, and the beautiful Seraphina trembled for the consequence. While this storm was raging, Torsedillas and Cignola were relating their adventures to each other.

"The obligations you have heaped upon me, Torsedillas, in introducing me to a wife whom I adore, can only be repaid by a similar obligation; depend upon it your wishes, with regard to my sister, shall meet my firm support. I will omit nothing, be assured, that may remove the prejudices of my aunt." With these assurances, and the fullest hope of soon realizing all his wishes, Don Torsedillas de Talavera retired to repose.

Although Don Talavera had only obeyed what he conceived the dictates of an honest principle, in promoting the views of Donna Ordonnez against the machinations of the Ruiz family, he was so far interested as to imagine that he should afterwards be entitled to some share of the confidence of Seraphina's brother; without whose consent, he knew he could never hope for favour; he received therefore these acknowledgements as things of course; and, in perspective, enjoyed all that happiness which a fervid imagination could depicture. Don Cignola returned to his wife at Calatrava; and here that enthusiasm of friendship now began to relax. He talked sometimes of the *rashness* of Don Torsedillas, for opposing one who was so much inclined to be his enemy; and the timid, or rather irresolute, Camilla was perfectly satisfied that she should have discovered all the merit of her dear Cignola without the assistance of his friend. "These friends," continued her husband, "when they *imagine* they have conferred a benefit on us, will be continually talking of it. I have always had a regard for Talavera, but I cannot expose myself to difficulties because he has been silly enough to set the example.

Don Talavera was no little astonished at the receipt of a letter, expressive of something like regret for having offended Donna Ursula; of doubts of happiness from his union with Seraphina, and ending with this declaration, that although he, Don Cignola, did not mean to oppose the match, yet he must be excused from promoting it. "My sister, said he, is now old enough to judge for herself; if she be content to marry a man who has so little regard for the blessings of this world, as you have, *my dear* Torsedillas, and who is, moreover, a heretic, rest assured I shall not interfere."

This was certainly freezing the hopes of Talavera, who, because he had acted imprudently himself, expected that others would do the same to further his schemes of happiness. He shewed the letter to Seraphina, who appeared to reflect upon it more deeply than he expected; the arm which had been encircled in his was withdrawn; and she took leave of him with a coolness as new as it was unexpected.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MODERN HEROISM.

The following trait of intrepidity bespeaks the ardour of a great mind. Baron de Beaulieu, an Austrian general, who distinguished himself in several battles against Buonaparte, being informed, in the heat of action, that his son had just been killed, said to the soldiers who surrounded him, "*Mes amis, ce n'est pas le moment de le pleurer; il s'agit de le venger, et de vaincre.*"

REFLEXIONS ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

BY COUNT OXENSTIERN.

ON FAMILIARITY.

To know how to keep familiarity at a distance from the intercourse of friendship, is a science to which the world does not attach all the importance it deserves. To know the value of it, we have only to remark, that it is to its judicious precautions that friendship is indebted for its duration. Friendship is founded on esteem, and esteem is a tribute due to merit; but as all men have their weaknesses, familiarity soon discovers them, and offends without discretion, and without considering that the self-love of every man will not permit us to touch upon this string; so that the harmony of friendship is often disconcerted. Sympathy forms friendship, complaisance nourishes it, and uprightness of heart preserves it; but too great familiarity often disturbs it; so that friends no longer know each other. He who says that familiarity is a mark of friendship, does not understand its delicacy; and he who wishes to be too familiar with us, cares but little for our friendship: familiarity opens the door to love, but shuts it against friendship. To conclude; he who would render friendship lasting, should manage it in such a way that excessive familiarity should never dare to shew itself; for it never fails to bring with it contempt, which is the source of the most irreconcileable enmity.

OF READING.

All the occupations of man in this world, except that of working his own salvation, are but a mere amusement.

Now, of all amusements, there is certainly none more agreeable, or useful, than reading. Plautus, the poet and philosopher, was, in his youth, much addicted to the vanities of the world; and, from the great volatility with which nature had endowed him, was very fickle in his conduct. He began his career in the army; after which he tried his fortune at sea; he after learned the trade of a baker; he was next a tailor, and afterwards a shopkeeper; at length he became a philosopher. Being one day asked in what state he had experienced the most ease and contentment, he gave the following answer:—

"There is no condition of life in which we do not wish for a change; no post of honour without danger; no riches without labour and disquietude; no fixed and fadeless prosperity; nor any pleasure so agreeable, of which we do not become weary in the end; therefore, if I have ever known any rest and tranquillity, it is since I have entirely given myself up to reading."

As we never sufficiently appreciate what we have, and set too a high a value on the possessions of others, an application to reading relieves us from many agitations. By it we learn to know the value of all human enjoyments; for the dead, who tell us no lies, teach and persuade us by their experience. The solidity of their conversation is infinitely preferable to the vivacity of the living. Do we wish to know what is necessary to salvation? They instruct us without hypocrisy. Do we desire to learn the sciences? They communicate them, without asking any reward. Do we require maxims of state? They inform us without ostentation. Do we want principles of economy? They furnish them gratis. Do we wish to learn Theology? In them we find masters divested of pomp and pride. These are the advantages for which we are indebted to reading; by means of which we are admitted to a familiarity with the most illustrious characters of antiquity. We derive, beside this, another benefit from reading; it withdraws us from a frequent and dangerous inter-

course with the living, and accustoms us, insensibly, to that of the dead; who teach us, notwithstanding their immortality in history, that their bodies are reduced to dust, and that there is neither knowledge, power, nor grandeur, which does not terminate with our existence.

ON OBSTINACY.

Obstinacy is the quality of beasts, fools, and children. To know how to bend and yield on certain occasions is a mark of prudence. The skilful pilot lowers the sail when the wind blows too strong; whereas, the stubborn man proceeds with swelling sails to his destruction. We seldom succeed by obstinacy, and I have, in the course of my life, seen many ruined, or entirely destroyed, by their unfortunate infatuation. A man of sense often makes a prudent retreat, to appear afterwards with more *éclat*. Ignorance and obstinacy go hand in hand, and the fool always thinks his honour is concerned in maintaining his false opinion. I have known many of these silly persons, who having once advanced a foolish opinion, have chosen, in their obstinacy, rather to lose the friendship of persons who were useful to them, than to give up their first sentiments. For my part, I think it a notorious folly to prefer the vanity of one's own opinion, to the utility and sweets of friendship; and I think the best way to do when we have an intercourse with these mulish persons, is to allow them to think themselves in the right; for it is better to preserve their good will by letting them remain in their error, than to set them right at the risk of exciting their enmity. In my opinion, *Melius frangi quam flecti* is a foolish motto. I have seen an example of it in a man of quality, a Frenchman, on my first journey to Italy. This gentleman, after having, in a very gross manner, insulted the Governor of Leghorn, had likewise the folly to attack him, sword in hand, in the street.

One may easily imagine the consequences of this insult. The general, surrounded by his guards, and by several officers of the garrison, caused this rash person to be immediately arrested, tried, and condemned to death. The Governor, however, who was a very good man, not wishing to take the life of this stranger, offered him his pardon, on condition that he should ask for it. But the Frenchman rather chusing *frangi quam flecti*, was beheaded in the great square of the city, and thus forfeited his head for his invincible obstinacy. *Tempori parendum* was the motto of Theodosius II. wretched is he who does not benefit by this sage moral, and who chuses to crown his obstinacy by his misfortunes.

ANECDOTE OF BELLINI, THE PAINTER.

Gentil Bellini, a native of Venice, entered into the service of Mahomet II. for whom he painted several pictures, among which was the decollation of John the Baptist. On this subject an anecdote is recorded, and deemed authentic by several writers, though others have disputed its probability. Mahomet, it is said, in viewing his picture of the beheading of St. John, acknowledged it to be very fine, but conceived that the muscles and skin of the neck, that was separated from the head, did not exhibit a natural effect. He immediately called one of his slaves, and caused his head to be cut off, in order to afford the artist a proper model. It is, however, very generally stated, that Bellini prevented this act of barbarity, by entreating the Sultan to dispense with his imitating nature in a particular so outrageous to humanity. Whether Mahomet committed the cruelty or not, certain it is that Bellini sought an early occasion to return to Venice, lest his own head might serve as a subject to some more able painter than himself.

ANECDOTES

OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

NO. III.

MARGARET LAMBRUN.

The following anecdote of this heroine represents, in a striking manner, the force of attachment upon the female mind:—her husband having died of grief, occasioned by the death of his mistress, the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret formed the resolution to avenge the death of her husband and mistress upon Queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose, she assumed a man's habit, and repaired to the English court; but as she was pushing through a crowd to get near the Queen, she dropped one of her pistols: this being observed, she was seized, and brought before Elizabeth, who examined her strictly; and Margaret replied,—Madam, though I appear in this habit, I am a woman; I was several years in the service of Queen Mary, whom you have unjustly put to death; you have also caused that of my husband, who died of grief to see that innocent Queen perish so iniquitously. Now as I had the greatest affection for both, I resolved to revenge their deaths by killing you. I have made many efforts to divert my resolution from this design, but in vain; I found myself necessitated to prove by experience the truth of the maxim, that reason cannot hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled thereto by love. The Queen heard this discourse with calmness, and answered: You are then persuaded, that in this action you have done your duty, and satisfied the demands which your love for your mistress and your husband required from you; but what think you is my duty to you? Margaret asked, if this question was put

as a Queen, or a Judge; and on her Majesty saying as a Queen, "Then," said Margaret, "your Majesty ought to grant me a pardon." But what assurance can you give me, returned the Queen, that you will not repeat the attempt? Madame, Lambrun rejoined, a favour which is granted under restraint is no more a favour; and in so doing, your Majesty would act against me as a judge. The Queen was so struck with her behaviour, that she gave her a pardon, and a safe conduct till she got out of the kingdom.

OLYMPIA DE SEGUR.

To the numerous patterns of conjugal virtue, of which history furnishes many examples, it is pleasing to record the following trait of female intrepidity. Her husband, the Marquis *de Belair*, being confined a prisoner in a fortress in Burgundy, she formed the resolution to effect his deliverance. Having obtained permission to visit her husband, she prevailed upon him to assume her attire, in order to effect his escape. The enterprize succeeded. In this disguise, he passed the Guard without being recognized, leaving Madame de Segur a voluntary hostage, who was shortly afterwards released. In the year 904, Donna Sancha, the wife of Ferdinand of Castile, employed the like stratagem, from the same impulse, with equal success.

MADAME DE MAZARIN.

The beauty of this lady was proverbial. When Madame de Sevigné was desirous of giving an idea of eyes of peculiar lustre, she said, *Ce sont les yeux de Madame de Mazarin.*

LOUISA DE GUZMAN.

When the Portugueze, weary of the Spanish yoke, were desirous of giving the crown to John, Duke of Braganza,

the Duke for a time hesitated to favour the conspiracy that was excited for his elevation, when Louisa de Guzman, with a degree of firmness and magnanimity that did honour to her sex, thus addressed her husband. "Accept the crown that is offered to you. It is glorious to die a King, even should you reign but a quarter of an hour." These words inspired the Duke with a sense of his own dignity, and seated him upon the throne of Portugal.

MARY MILLET.

This female was the innocent cause of a most fatal catastrophe. Having, in consequence of her personal attractions, excited the lawless desires of a Captain Dupont, an inmate of her father's, who brought with him into France the remainder of the army that had proclaimed the Duke d'Alençon, brother of Henry III. Sovereign of the Low Countries; this chieftain abused the laws of hospitality, and committed violence on the person of the young female; upon which she seized a knife, and plunged it to the heart of her enemy, leaving him dead on the spot. The soldiers immediately arrested her, and tying her to a tree, levelled their pieces at her, and shot her dead. Her distracted parent, during the night, assembled together the peasants of the vicinity, to the number of 3,000, who fell suddenly upon the small party of Dupont, and massacred the whole without any reserve.

MADEMOISELLE DIBUTADE.

To the attachment of this lady to a beloved object, are the fine arts much indebted. In order to alleviate the sorrow which the absence of her lover might occasion, she conceived the idea, before his departure, of tracing his shadow in profile upon a wall by the light of a lamp. Such, it is said, was the origin

of Painting. Her father, who followed the occupation of a Potter, having admired the invention of Dibutade, employed his ingenuity by covering the features of his daughter with clay, attending minutely to their *contours*; the profile so formed, he afterwards hardened in his oven. To this conceit, the art of Sculpture in *basso relievo* owes its discovery; it may, therefore, very properly be said, that, to the power and industry of Love, two ingenious arts owe their creation.

***.

ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL DE BRISSAC.

This celebrated general displayed, on a striking occasion, the qualities of a great mind, by the punishment he inflicted on the crime of disobedience, and the recompense he bestowed on exalted valour. Having arranged his army for battle at the siege of Vignal in Montserrat, in order to take it by assault; an officer, named Roissy, rushed forward with the major part of the assailants, without waiting for the signal, mounted the breach, sword in hand, killed every thing before him, and so astonished the Spaniards by his intrepidity, that the fortress was immediately carried. Marshal Brissac, notwithstanding his heroism, brought him to a Court Martial, and, without a dissentient voice, he was condemned to suffer death. "*Mon ami*," said Brissac to him, "*la loi a jugé l'action; je veux être clement en faveur du motif: je te pardonne; et pour honorer l'intrépidité que tu as montré, je te donne cette chaîne d'or, que je te prie de porter pour l'amour de moi. Mon écuyer te donnera un cheval et des armes; et tu combattras desormais auprès de moi.*"

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XXIV.

MR. GOSSIPER,

ALTHOUGH we are continually railing against the French, and are hearty in our prayers for their discomfiture and destruction, there is nothing more gratifying to our vanity than French manners and customs. Formerly the fashions of that versatile people were confined to the higher circles, but they now become circulated among all ranks in society; and not satisfied with French valets, French cooks, French milliners, and French mistresses, the language of that nation is applied to every article of domestic utility, to the total exclusion of our vernacular tongue.

I am fearful that some of your readers of *ton* will consider me an old *put*, one who knows nothing of high life, nor what pertains to good breeding in carriage or expression:—I confess that my general habits and pursuits but ill accord with the vagaries, fopperies, and follies, of the present day; but I consider myself not the less rational on that account; and if, through a perversion of taste, I am inclined to prefer a good library, or the study of the fine arts, to driving four-in-hand, or signalizing myself upon the turf, the fault, Sir, lies solely with my preceptor, in giving such an antiquated bias to my mind.

On quitting college, Mr. Gossiper, I made the tour of Europe; and, from my residence abroad, obtained, as I thought, a tolerable proficiency in modern languages. I could follow an *Improvisatore* in Italy, and prided myself upon my critical knowledge of the French tongue. In a

word, I exhibited, on my return home, such a familiarity with the policy, the genius, and manners, of the people of the several countries I had visited, that I gave my parents, Heaven rest their souls! no cause to regret the few hundreds that I had expended during my travels. Notwithstanding my industry and attainments, I was often laughed at by my uncle, a thorough-bred Englishman, who hated, as he said, every thing that was outlandish, if I occasionally made use of a foreign phrase, to express a particular idea; and was once severely handled by him, in describing the dress of a French chevalier, for saying he had enormous *boucles* on each side of the head, instead of using the word curls! "What, the French wear *buckles* in their hair!" he exclaimed; "that I can't credit, my young master: that they eat frogs, and drink *soup meagre*, I verily believe; but that they keep their hair in shape by a pair of large *buckles*, is too much for a man of my capacity to swallow." Though I could not help smiling at the ignorance of my uncle, I endeavoured to soothe his irritation, by explaining to him the meaning of the word I uttered, apologizing, at the same time, for the vanity I had been guilty of; but happening, unfortunately, in discussing the subject of a French toilette, to say that the ladies are accustomed to put their tresses in *papillotes*, he flew into a violent rage, called me a conceited puppy, and declared he would hold no farther conversation with a man whose discourse was as unintelligible to him as a Greek manuscript, or the jargon of the Chinese.

It is now, Sir, nearly thirty years since this colloquy passed between me and my uncle; and though at the moment I could not but regret that his education had been so limited, and his conceptions so confined, time and reflection have taught me, that I was greatly to blame in having recourse to a foreign language to express what might so readily be done by my own. In this idea I was fully confirmed by a residence of some weeks in London,

after a retirement at my seat in Devonshire, since the French Revolution. As I ramble through the metropolis, which, by the bye, seems to extend its sovereignty in each direction, I find (if I may use the expression) every thing *Frenchified.* One place of entertainment is called the "*Sans Pareil,*" another, the "*Olympique;*" every tradesman's shop, of any celebrity, is a *Magazine,* and every possessor of a few wild animals terms his exhibition a *Ménagerie.* But these extravagancies are of small moment to those which I am about to disclose.

During my walks some days since, I was struck with the appearance of a house, in the vicinity of the Green Park, that was to be let furnished, and to see which I was referred for a card to an eminent upholsterer. On calling upon him, he, with much civility, offered to accompany me to inspect the premises. As we approached the house, which had a stuccoed front, and was tastefully ornamented with an iron railing, and a green shade over the principal window, he began to expatiate upon its beauties to the following effect:—"There, Sir, is the residence, and a perfect *bijou* you will find it. The *façade* is elegant in the extreme, the *balustrade* affixed with infinite judgement, and the *viranda* over it of the most correct proportion; and what rarely happens, the embellishments within are of the chastest description, *de haut en bas.*" This representation highly diverted me, but his comments upon the furniture, as we traversed the rooms, were infinitely more amusing. As we ascended the stone stairs, which, in his zeal to serve his employer, he, by some mischance, termed of *geographical* construction, his prattle was florid and incessant. The hall was *so* spacious, the landing *so* ample, the statues were by the first artists, and the lamps after the antique! But on entering the saloon, and adjoining apartments, his language became so figurative, exotic, and affected, as to be in some parts almost unintelligible. Every thing, Mr. Gossiper, however useful or

ridiculous, was, as I observed, *Frenchified.* As he strutted from corner to corner, with all the pride and loquacity of the keeper of a museum, he enlarged upon the individual merits of the furniture. The *fauteuils* were of the first workmanship, the *commodes* magnificent, the *girandoles* and *candelabres* brilliant in the extreme, the *console* tables beggared all description, for costliness; the *porcelaine*, equalling in beauty all the hues of the rainbow, was either *Sêvres* or *Dresden*; and the *cheval* screens such as would do honour to the first mansion in the metropolis. This puff upon the screen, which my uncle, had he been living, would have called a *clothes-horse*, excited in my mind a mingled sensation of merriment and contempt; but suppressing my feelings, we hastened through the drawing-rooms to a small apartment, that I, somewhat hastily, as it shall appear, termed the *study.* At the word study, my attendant started back; and, looking at me with apparent surprise, he exclaimed, "Oh, Sir, you must be but little *au fait* to fashionable establishments, not to know that this is the *boudoir,* a room appropriated to the lady of the house to receive her *select* friends, and which it would be the height of discourtesy in the husband at any time to enter!" I apologized for my want of comprehension, at first; but recollecting that *boudoir* signified a *private closet*, we soon understood each other. He then dwelt with much fluency on the elegance and commodiousness of the *couches; sophas, appliqued,* as he said, with *or-molu;* extolled the utility of the *armoire,* discussed the beauty and propriety of the transparencies at the windows, talked of *faux pas* and *petites galanteries* with the same frivolity and unconcern, as of the brilliancy of the *chandeliers*, and seemed to intimate, with many significant gestures, that in this, the lady's apartment, the glass embellishments were not the only things that were liable to fracture. This conceit, which conveyed a strong meaning, highly pleased me; and, satisfied with his description

of the upper rooms, we descended the stair-case in perfect good humour; and as we walked to the library, in order to see the *parterre* and *treillis*-work, of which he much boasted, I asked him, in plain terms, what was the rent of the premises? "Oh, Sir, that is a mere trifle; considering the conveniences and equipments, quite a *bagatelle*,—only thirty guineas a-week. There is nothing so cheap in London. The house is superlatively elegant and *unique* of its kind!" At this declaration, my usual good temper immediately forsook me; and recollecting a particular engagement, with many acknowledgements for the gratification he had afforded me, I hastily took my leave; and as I got into the street, I scarcely knew which most to condemn, the superciliousness and affectation of Mr. Upholsterer, in applying French words, ill accentuated, to the aggrandizement of many common articles of furniture, or myself, for enduring patiently, nearly two hours, the appropriation of a foreign dialect to such things as, in former times, and those not very distant, were denominated china, bracket-tables, chests of drawers, and arm-chairs.

I am, Mr. Gossiper,

Your very obedient servant,

VIATOR.

One thing I had forgotten. As we passed through the rooms, his description of the pictures assimilated with his other remarks. They were all either by, or after the first masters; among which I recollect his telling me, there was a charming landscape by *Pussing*, a superlatively fine head by *Giddo*, a masterly performance by *Raffle*, and a *chef d'œuvre* by *Hannibal Carakki*.

ON PATIENCE.

PATIENCE is of all virtues the most difficult to practise; but would be still more so, if it were not supported by Hope.

ON VANITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

I HAVE always considered the British Fair to possess fewer defects, either of person or behaviour, than females of any other nation. There is a happy medium in their constitution, which, like the climate, renders them neither too sanguine, nor too insensible; and if, like that, too, they are sometimes more variable than could be wished in a complete character, it is greatly owing to the ill management of those who have the care of them when young. Women of condition are, for the most part, bred up to think they merit more homage than can be paid them, and that vanity which is inherent in the sex, and which ought, in prudence, to be checked as much as possible, is, by their parents, governors, and tutors, and afterwards, by those who make their addresses to them, so flattered and encouraged, that when they come to be married, they are apt to expect the same idolatry. This rarely happens; the man has lavished all the fine things he had to say beforehand, and, though he may be a very good husband, does not think himself obliged to act altogether up to the lover. The modest and long admired *belle* looks on this decline of his former obsequiousness, as an indignity to her charms, becomes pettish and uneasy at it, reproaches him, in her heart, for his want of taste; her love degenerates into indifference, perhaps contempt, and greedy of those flatteries to which she has been accustomed, she is induced to receive them from the first who presumes to make the offer. To be the envy of her own sex, and the desire of the other, is the chief, if not the sole aim of many a fine lady; and though examples at-

tending such a disposition are but too frequent, those who are even on the brink of the same precipice, will not take warning by the fate of others, but run blindly on, till they plunge into the irretrievable abyss of shame and sorrow.

Virtuous, both by nature and principle, the ladies of this country are not to be conquered by fair and open means; but they may be betrayed by such sinister methods, as men who know them may easily put in practice, yet which would be wholly ineffectual, if it were not for that vanity which is the bar of all useful and worthy accomplishments, the innate traitor, that gives up the heart, without seeming to do so, and is the sure bane of honour, happiness, and every thing which should be dear to womankind.

Aramantha, at the death of her husband, being sole mistress of herself, and at full liberty to pursue her inclinations without scandal, her house became the *rendezvous* of the young and the gay. All those who had before endeavoured to ingratiate themselves, on finding her in a condition to reward their passion, prosecuted it with renewed ardour; and many whose timidity, till then, had smothered their designs, perceiving now no obstacle, acquired courage to make their amorous declarations. For a time, all were equally encouraged; but as none had reason to despair from her behaviour to them, so none could flatter himself with an assured hope of obtaining her, till the merit of Honorius rose too conspicuous to admit of rivalship: she knew, and confessed that he alone was worthy of her, and dismissed the crowd of adorers, which she now acknowledged she had suffered only to swell the number of her train. Honorius was the first who had the power to make any real impression upon her heart; and as he had all the qualifications necessary to justify her choice, she had the congratulations of her friends upon it. A day was assigned for their marriage, and the usual preparations for that solemnity were making, when an unhappy and unlooked-for accident shifted

the gay scene of approaching bliss into a terrible reverse.

Honorius had been intrusted with a secret of state, which obliged him to go very often to the house of a person, who had a very beautiful female relation living with him. Acasto, one of the most busy and most watchful observers that ever frequented a court, and a bitter enemy to this nobleman, on account of his virtue and integrity, presently found that he was more in favour than he had been for several years, and also that he was now employed in carrying on something which, with all his penetration, he had not skill to fathom. As he had, on all occasions, endeavoured to misrepresent him to the royal ear, he began to tremble, lest the artifices he made use of for that purpose should be detected, and resolved to make one more effort for his removal, which he unhappily effected by these means: he went to Aramantha, and after having artfully prepared her for his purpose, by the most profuse encomiums on her beauty, told her, nothing could be so great an affliction to him, as to see such charms bestowed on a person who seemed insensible of their value; that he wished Honorius might have all the esteem he pretended, but begged, for her own sake, that she would make some enquiry into his conduct, before she gave herself entirely to him. The deceived Aramantha immediately took fire at these insinuations, and conjured him to explain himself, and let her know what he had discovered to her prejudice. This was what he wanted, though he affected to be sorry to see her so much alarmed; and after a little pause, "Madam," said he, "it is in your own power, more than in mine, to be convinced whether I am deceived or not. Ask Honorius, what affair, except a passion for Irene, carries him every day, sometimes twice in the twenty-four hours, to the house of Lucillio. If he does not readily assign some other than what I have mentioned, I leave yourself to judge of his sincerity."

It is impossible to describe the jealous rage that this

cruel insinuation excited in the bosom of Aramantha. No sooner had Acasto left her, than she sent in all haste for Honorius, reproached him in the severest terms, and insisted upon his never seeing Irene more, or telling on what account he had of late so frequently visited her. The surprise he was in at this unexpected demand was such as prevented him from giving any ready answer; and this hesitation confirming her in the belief that all she had been told was true, she called him perjured and ungrateful, and vowed, from that moment, to break off all conversation with him. When he assured her, as he might do, with all the sincerity imaginable, that he never, in his whole life, had visited Irene, nor entertained the least thought of that lady to the prejudice of that affection he had given elsewhere; she grew beyond all patience at the supposed evasion, and asked what other business than his love for the kinswoman, made him pass half his days at the house of Lucillio. It was in vain that Honorius endeavoured to pacify her, by protesting, in the most solemn manner, that there was a business he had to negociate with that person, and that it was of a nature very remote from love: all he could say was ineffectual, unless he convinced her it was so, by letting her know the whole affair.

He was now in the utmost dilemma: he found he must either betray the trust reposed in him, or lose for ever what was dearer to him than his life; severe was the struggle between love and duty, in a breast so truly devoted to both: at length, however, the former prevailed, and the charms of Aramantha triumphed over the fidelity that he owed his Prince. He unravelled to her the whole mystery, and by doing so, made her entirely easy: she returned this proof of his passion with renewed endearments, accompanied with a thousand promises never to drop the least hint of what he had revealed.

The very next morning, Acasto, impatient to know the success of his plot, came to visit her, and not doubting, by

the composure he saw in her countenance, but that she had prevailed, began to enter again on some discourse concerning Irene. At first she only smiled, and permitted him to proceed without interruption; but on his mentioning something of that lady's perfections, her pride began to be touched. She could not bear, even for a moment, that any woman in the world had power to supplant her in the affections of the man she loved, and this fatal vanity rendering her utterly forgetful of the assurance she had given Honorius, or the ruin she might bring upon him, she exclaimed, "No, Acasto, I am perfectly satisfied as to the fidelity of Honorius, and I believe you will not wonder that I am so, when you hear what affair he is transacting," and then proceeded to repeat to him all that her too tender lover had disclosed.

The statesman exulted at having thus accomplished his end, and went directly to complete the ruin of the man he hated: the consequence was, that Honorius received a reprimand, which the greatness of his spirit could ill support; and his disgrace, joined with the bitter reflection that he owed it to the weakness of the woman he adored, threw him into a despair that would not suffer him to live. Before he put into execution that terrible resolution which deprived his country of one of its greatest ornaments, he wrote a letter to Aramantha, wherein he gently upbraided the levity of her nature, and took his everlasting leave.

Awakened, on this sad occasion, to a sense of her own imprudence, her grief was poignant in the extreme; and tormented with remorse, at having, by her invincible vanity, caused the destruction of so worthy a person, her health became gradually impaired, and she sunk to a premature grave, lamented by the thoughtless, but unpitied by the wise.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
CLIO.

CHARLES EDMUNDS;

OR, THE FREETHINKER;

A NOVEL,

BY R. PORTER.

(Continued from page 275.)

CHAP. III.

When they found the coast was so little distant from Arnold's, they determined, if possible, to reach it before day-light. The badness of the road prevented speed, and the dawn just began to appear, when the dashing of the waves announced the end of their journey. The wind had in some degree subsided, and they found little difficulty in hiring a vessel to convey them to the opposite shore. But when they had about half completed their voyage, the wind again rose, and the storm raged with tenfold fury. The sea swelled in huge billows, which deprived them of the sight of land; the rain fell in torrents; and the affrighted master of the vessel appeared to consider destruction as inevitable, whilst the little bark, dashed and beaten by the waves, defied the utmost art of the pilot, and diverted from its course, was driven out into the ocean by the boisterous gale. The dreadful scene was new to Charles and Melville, and the former was absorbed in the deepest meditations. "Fool that I have been," said he to himself, "why did I not think on this before? What must be my destiny, should I be summoned before my Maker? Oh, God! have mercy upon me!" he exclaimed, and dropped upon his knees. At that moment Melville entered the cabin, and dissembling

his consternation, told him, that all was over. "We must perish," says the Captain, "for the vessel has sprung a a leak, and is now filling with water." They instantly ran upon deck, where they found the Captain lashing himself to the mast, which was cut away, as the only expedient to reach the shore, which appeared about a mile off. They followed his example, and bound themselves fast to a large hen-coop which stood upon deck. The sailors, at the same time, provided for their safety: in this anxious situation, every one expected that the next billow would consign them to eternity. They had, however, little time for reflection. In a few moments, all was darkness; the waves rolled over the vessel with tremendous fury, and carried away every thing before them; the hen-coop, with its burthen, after many agitations, soon reached the shore. They were now buffeted against the cliffs, from whence, in a state of insensibility, they were conveyed to a neighbouring dwelling. On recovering his senses, Charles asked if his friend was alive: he was answered in the affirmative. This was joyful news, and he found himself so well in the afternoon, that he got up, and by the help of a gentleman who had waited on him, descended to an elegant little parlour, where Melville was seated. Their mutual transports we shall not describe: snatched thus from the jaws of death, and all its concomitant horrors, by the humanity of a stranger, their bosoms glowing with surprise and gratitude, Charles enquired of his benefactor by what miracle his life had been preserved. "It is our custom," said the good man who had restored them to existence, "to visit the coast upon every storm, and to relieve any unfortunate and suffering mariner in our power. We, this morning, as usual, repaired to the beach, and perceived your little vessel struggling with the waves. You are the only persons we have been able to succour; the others, I fear, are all lost."

This person proved to be the Rev. Mr. Lester, curate of a small village on the coast of Kent, on which the young

libertines were cast, who, by his moral habits, his charity, and humanity, had long obtained the love and respect of his parishioners. Blest with an amiable and an only daughter, he placed his happiness in superintending her education, and in doing good to the poor within his reach. To this kind and benevolent man, Charles, in a retired moment, revealed his name and connexions, detailed the secret of the duel, and all its consequences. The worthy curate, after a suitable admonition, in which he made allowances for the levity of youth, offered them an asylum for a few days; and as the loss of the vessel might induce their pursuers to suppose that they had perished with it, they accepted of Mr. Lester's invitation, and determined to remain where they were, until they could ascertain the fate of Lord C——.

The young men, now become part of the family, patiently waited the wished-for result; and, in the conversation of Mrs. Lester and her daughter, Charles lulled the sting of conscience into a deceitful slumber. Emily Lester was rather below the middle stature; her face, in which shone an expression of the keenest sensibility, was not critically beautiful, but the sweetness of her demeanour supplied every defect. Her disposition was peculiarly amiable; so artless and refined were her manners, that it was impossible to be in her company without being smitten with her accomplishments. But Emily was too open to credulity; her feeling heart could not resist the supplications of distress, and this weakness rendered her, at times, the dupe of imposture and deceit.

In the eyes of Charles Edmunds, this innocent creature appeared irresistibly charming, and from that moment he considered her as a certain prey. Emily knew nothing of love; her open and unsuspicious nature imagined the sighings and attentions of Charles were the effects of a sincere passion, which inclination as well as reason induced her, in some degree, to encourage.

Mr. Lester was accustomed to take a daily paper, by

which means Charles discovered that Lord C—— was likely to recover from his wound. Delighted with this intelligence, Charles proposed to Melville, that he should return to town, and quiet the minds of their parents; intending, if all turned out well, to follow himself in a few weeks. This resolution Melville highly approved; for, weary of the retirement of a country village, he was anxious to mix in the gaieties and dissipation of the metropolis.

Charles, now released from his companion, in whom he dreaded a formidable competitor, as not being insensible to female charms, began to pursue his designs upon Emily, regardless of consequences. Every idea of religion, virtue, or gratitude, was banished from his mind. Though the good Mr. Lester had snatched him from certain death, had treated him with the utmost hospitality and kindness, his views, in regard of his daughter, were of the basest kind. His attentions to Emily became every day more ardent, and were in the end such as to lead her to suppose that he really loved her. Seeing, then, a proper opportunity, he made a formal declaration of his passion. The conversation of lovers is seldom entertaining to any but themselves, we shall therefore pass it over, and briefly say, that on his making numberless protestations of eternal constancy, she confessed, with the consent of her father, that she would accept his offer, but upon no other condition. This was what Charles expected, and he was prepared for it; on his knees he repeatedly thanked her for her condescension, declared he would instantly break his mind to Mr. Lester, and left the room for that purpose. But Charles was sensible that this would be in vain; he well knew that Mr. Lester avowed the greatest detestation for a libertine, and he was aware that many of his actions and expressions had given him reason to suppose that he was a professed man of pleasure. Conscious of this knowledge, and having previously determined in what manner to proceed, with a downcast air and mortified countenance, he appeared the next time before

Emily, when she foreboded the approaching storm. "Your father has taken some dislike to me," said he, "and refuses his consent. Oh! my Emily, on my knees I entreat you to make me happy; let us fly from the prejudices which restrain us:—speak, my Emily; am I to hope or despair?" She answered, "Never, Mr. Edmunds, will I marry against the consent of my father. It will cost me many a pang to conquer this unhappy passion, but it must be so. Leave me, Sir; absence, and the pleasures of the metropolis, will soon banish the unfortunate Emily from your mind." A shower of tears stopped her utterance, and she left the room. Charles yet did not despond: "I have one more stratagem," thought he, "which cannot fail," and he instantly determined to carry it into execution. Flattered by this hope, at dinner, Charles was unusually pleasant; and as traces of tears marked the eyes of Emily, she was surprised at seeing her lover so cheerful, after what had passed. "He is striving to master his feelings," thought she; "why cannot I do the same? His disappointment must be as poignant as mine, yet I can scarcely repress my emotion." Charles had written to a friend a few days before, to procure a lodging for him, and exulted at the success which had as yet marked his iniquitous purpose. It was a beautiful day, and after dinner Mr. Lester proposed a walk. "Come, Emily, put on your bonnet; the clear sharp air will do your head good. Mr. Edmunds, I dare say, will be your escort; as for me, I must attend a funeral, or I would walk with you." Emily almost started at this speech. "Surely," she imagined, "if he forbid our union, or had any suspicion of our attachment, he would not thus propose our walking together," and left the room to put on her bonnet and pelisse. Charles was in ecstacy at the unlooked-for success of his scheme, and leaving the house, darted to the inn which stood at a little distance from the Parsonage, and ordered the postillion instantly to put the horses to a chaise, and to drive to the end of the lane

which joined the high road, and to wait there till he should arrive. Then returning to the house, he arrived just as Emily was coming down stairs ready equipped for the ramble. Charles offered her his arm, and they entered upon the walk which had been so much wished for by her lover. For an afternoon in February, it was beautifully fine, and the frosty air called for exertion. Silently, and with a quick step, they took their way to the destined spot, when Charles endeavoured to remove the restraint which evidently sealed the lips of Emily. "Your father, Emily, did not seem to act consistently in thus permitting us to walk together; I was very much surprised when he proposed it." "His motives for this indulgence, Charles," she returned, "I am at a loss to imagine; unless, upon reflection, he intends to consent to our union, although he has given us no such hopes." "My dearest girl," answered Charles, "I think I can elucidate this contradiction in your father's conduct. Acquainted, as he is, with the ways of the world, he feared that I might be instigated in my offers by a transitory admiration of your charms; knowing that a marriage of that kind would be productive of disappointment, rather than happiness, he wished to prove the strength and sincerity of my attachment; thinking that his apparent denial would either quite extinguish it, if fallacious, or, if real, add but new fuel to my flame. Deceived by my affected cheerfulness at dinner, he supposes I have conquered a passion which your beauty had inspired, and that his aversion to our marriage has banished every thought of it from my mind. Let us, then, my Emily, since you have confessed I have a little share in your affections, and you have declared, my love, that, with your father's consent, you would be mine, anticipate his concurrence, and convince him, as he wishes, that real unsophisticated love is not to be restrained by faint commands, but acquires fresh energy at every difficulty."

At the turning of a corner, they were within a few yards

from the chaise, and Charles continued:—"My dearest Emily, the step I now propose to you cannot be clandestine: your father wishes some stronger confirmation of our passion, and this will remove every obstacle to our marriage. Fearing what might happen, I provided a chaise; and forgive me when I tell you, that had your father's command been more positive, I should have employed measures of a compulsive nature; but that expedient his behaviour has rendered unnecessary. Let us fly, then, my Emily, to London, and having there pledged our vows at the altar, we will return, and seek your father's blessing.—Speak, my love; relieve this doubt, and say, am I to be doomed to misery or blessedness?" These arguments, uttered with uncommon ardour, made a strong impression; and the credulous Emily felt herself almost convinced that they were true. "Oh, Charles," said she, "must I leave my mother, who is not well? and perhaps it was not my father's intention;—Oh! I cannot go with you,—I will return." "No, Emily, you shall not," said Charles, and lifted her into the chaise; "the indisposition of your mother is only a slight one, and I am certain your father will forgive us." So saying, he seated himself by her side, and the boy drove on. A flood of tears relieved the over-charged heart of Emily; yet something whispered to her, she was doing wrong. Her lover, however, stifled her sighs, as well as he was able, and soothed her mind with the representation of scenes of happiness that they were destined to enjoy.

(To be continued.)

THE DUTY OF PRINCES.

A prince should make a sober use of pleasures: without this moderation, it is impossible that the most important affairs of the state should not suffer by his inattention to them.

THE CRITIC.

NO. II.

Viddero i sudori e le fatiche loro risolversi tutte in frondi e in fiori.
BOCCALINI.

I believe this is the case with most of the readers of Ossian. His profusion of ornament is so excessive, that we may for a long time endeavour to look through this cloud of fragrance without being able at last to discern the substance which it envelopes. After all our trouble in searching for the stem and the fruit, we find nothing but leaves and flowers. I conceive that, like myself, most persons are very much inclined, if not absolutely obliged, to seek for the sense in the argument which the Editor has thought necessary to prefix to each of the poems. Yet, notwithstanding his obscurity, Ossian has many and great excellencies. The soul is frequently enchanted with his beauty, softened by his pathos, and elevated by his sublimity; I shall make a few observations on his poem of Conlath and Cuthona, because it exemplifies his excellencies and his defects in a small compass. Perhaps there is not so much, either to censure or to praise, in this short poem as in some of his other compositions; yet there is considerable room for both.

The groundwork of the piece is this: Conlath was in love with Cuthona. Toscar and his friend, Fercuth, came from Ireland to Mora, the habitation of Conlath, where they were very hospitably received. After having staid a few days, they departed, and coasting the Hebrides, Toscar saw Cuthona hunting. He fell in love with her, and bore her to his ship. They were driven by tempests into I-thona, whither Conlath pursued them, in order to rescue Cuthona. He and Toscar, with their followers,

fought, and were all slain; and Cuthona died of grief in three days after. Fingal, hearing of it, sent Stormal to bury them; but forgot to send a bard to sing their funeral songs; consequently their ghosts were miserable; and Conlath comes to Ossian, and desires him not to let his friends remain "without their fame." This poem relates the coming of Conlath's ghost, and complies with his request.

From the poem itself, we may learn, that all the persons are dead, that Cuthona loved Conlath, and that Toscar carried her away; but, how they all die, we are not very well informed. Conlath is represented as having killed Toscar whilst he is yet in pursuit of him, and as having a mortal wound in his side. We may also find out, that Cuthona dies of grief; but, without the argument, we should never dream that there had been a battle. I will extract the passage. Ossian imagines a dialogue between Cuthona, Toscar, and Fercuth; Cuthona "foresees her death;" and exclaims "Will not Conlath behold me before I enter the narrow house." Ossian answers.

"He shall behold thee, O maid. He comes along the heaving sea. The death of Toscar is dark on his spear A wound is in his side! He is pale at the cave of Thona, He shews his ghastly wound. Where art thou with thy tears, Cuthona? The chief of Mora dies."

Knowing the story, we may take the third sentence as describing something which happened after the second but, if we are ignorant of it, we must understand that Conlath, after having killed Toscar, "comes along the heaving sea."

Now let us look on the better part, and we shall find enough to commend. In the beginning, Ossian fancies he hears a voice;—it is that of Conlath, who demands his funeral song. The imagination of the bard then forms the picture of Cuthona, Fercuth, and Toscar, in the desert island in a storm. Here they converse

together, till the battle. At the commencement, we have a very natural and affecting allusion to the blindness of the poet.

"Did not Ossian hear a voice? The midnight wind is in my hall. Perhaps it is the shield of Fingal that echoes to the blast. It hangs in Ossian's hall. *He feels it sometimes with his hands.*"

And again, in addressing the Ghost,—

"O that mine eyes could behold thee! Thou sittest, dim, on thy cloud. Art thou like the mist of Lano? An half extinguished meteor of fire? Of what are the skirts of thy robe? Of what is thine airy bow? He is gone on the blast, like the shade of a wandering cloud."

Shortly afterwards there is a sublime description of a storm.

"The night was stormy. From their hills, the groaning oaks came down. The sea darkly tumbled beneath the blast. The roaring waves climbed against our rocks. The lightning came often, and shewed the blasted fern."

The last circumstance is very striking, and admirably chosen to give effect to the tempestuous scene.

Fercuth, bewailing their dismal situation, thus beautifully apostrophizes his native country:

"Erin of hills of grass! How pleasant are thy vales! Silence is near thy blue streams. The sun is on thy fields. Soft is the sound of the harp in Selama. Lovely the cry of the hunter on Cromla. But we are dark in I-thona, surrounded by the storm. The billows lift their white heads above our rocks. We tremble amidst the night."

To me, this is highly pathetic. It is natural to compare absent pleasures with present griefs, and here we find every circumstance to heighten the contrast.

Toscar endeavours to comfort Cuthona, tells her that she shall return to Conlath, and thus affectingly represents what will be his own state after he has parted with her.

"The days of Toscar must be sad. I shall sit in my cave in the field of the Sun. The blast will rustle in my

trees. I shall think it is Cuthona's voice. But she is distant far, in the halls of the mighty Conlath!".

I have given these passages without remarks, because they appeal so forcibly to the heart, that it cannot fail to do justice to their merits.

I might make several more extracts, perhaps equalling in beauty those which I have already made, but I fear lest I should transgress my bounds.

R.

Fragments of Literature,

NO. III.

JUAN Alvarez Gato, a Spanish poet, who lived in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, and who greatly distinguished himself by his compositions on various subjects, caused the following lines to be engraved upon his tomb:

Procuremos buenos fines,
Que las vidas mas loadas,
Por los cabos son juzgadas.

And in his address to the reader, he said:—

Aparejate à querer
Bien morir,
Y el morir serà nacer
Para vivir.
Y por Dios mira, y avisa,
Por este siglo mudable
No pierdas el perdurable.

OF TALENTS NOT IMPAIRED BY TIME.

History presents us with innumerable poets, who have devoted themselves to the Muses to a very late period of

life. *La Casa* wrote verses to his last moments, and in one of his Letters he says, "*Jo credo ch'io farò sonetti venti cinque anni, o trenta, poi che io sarò morto.* Dorat, Ronsard, and Gombaud, did the same. Monsieur Patris lived to the age of eighty, and two days before his death composed the following celebrated lines:—

Je songeois cette nuit, que de mal consumé
Coste à coste d'un pauvre on m'avoit inhumé;
Et que n'en pouvant pas soufrir le voisinage
En mort de qualité, je lui tins ce langage:
Retire, toi coquin; va pourrir loin d'ici;
Il ne t'appartient pas de m'approcher ainsi:
Coquin! ce me dit il, d'une arrogance extrême,
Va chercher tes coquins ailleurs, coquin toy mesme,
Icy tous sont égaux, je ne te dois plus rien,
Je suis sur mon fumier, comme toy sur le tien.

TASSO.

Tasso, the prince of the Italian poets, being accused of hardness in some of his lines, excused himself by these verses:—

La mia tenera JOLE
Duri chiama i miei carmi.
Ma che? Son duri, e pur son belli i marmi.

INSTANCE OF MEMORY.

It is stated, that Josef del Castillo, a Spaniard, who was frequently employed by Philip II. in matters of great importance, in which he acquitted himself with so much probity, as to acquire the appellation of *Ministro verdadero*, possessed the gift of memory to such an astonishing degree, that he knew the Bible by heart, and could repeat the entire works of Seneca with the utmost facility.

THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

SPRING,

BY WM. HOLLOWAY.

FRESH from aromatic groves,
Borne on balmy zephyr's wing,
'Mid the Graces, Hours, and Loves,
Welcome thou, celestial SPRING!

Health's carnations flush thy cheek;
Vi'lets in thine eye-beams glow;
On the breeze, in ringlets sleek,
Thine hyacinthine tresses flow.

Nymph, with rosy hand profuse,
Scatter wide thy genial show'rs;
Soft distil nectarious dews,
To bathe the meads, and fringe the flow'rs;

Gently rear the snow-drop's head,
Flora's earliest simplest child,—
On the yellow cowslip's bed
Breathe, with fost'ring influence mild;

While the whitethorn scents the vale;
While the tend'rest germs unfold;
Far dispel each mildew'd gale,
And crown the future months with gold.

Translation of the first Ode of Anacreon.

I woke the string loud-sounding,
To sing the warrior's glory,
But the soft loves surrounding
Repress'd the martial story.

I strove Alcides' wonders
To tell in lofty measure;—
Love check'd the epic thunders,
And sooth'd the notes to pleasure.

Hence war! no more thy praises
Shall on my lyre be ringing;
For in each note it raises
Love's dulcet voice is singing.

SONNET

ON AN APRIL DAY,

BY J. M. LACEY.

Picture of life! emblem of mortal man,
We ne'er can gaze upon thy smiles and tears,
But we must feel those bosom-searching fears
That tell us, life's at best a little span,
A very April day, where morn began
Her halcyon hour, her happy-seeming race,
With sprightly joy, with smiles upon her face,
Whilst her warm flush the rosy zephyrs fan;
But, ah! how soon the gloomy storm appears
To dim the ardent smile that morning wore;
How soon sad nature's face is spread with tears,
Whilst night approaching hids her smile no more!
Such, such is life!—but through death's darkest gloom
Man sees an endless morn arise beyond the tomb!—

ELEGIAC STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

As through these woodland haunts, with falt'ring breath,
And melancholy steps, I trembling stray,
Low on the whisp'ring breeze the knell of death
In deep foreboding cadence dies away.

Again its mournful accents meet my ear,
While beck'ning shadows seem to glide around,
And shudd'ring wildly at a note so drear,
The glitt'ring landscape sickens at the sound.

Borne on the breath of evening's pensive gale,
The sobs of sorrow sigh along the dell,
And murmuring zephyrs floating from the vale,
Waft on their wings Lorenzo's last farewell.

On seraph's pinions through the shades of night,
Thy kindred spirit wings its heavenly way,
While hov'ring angels prompt its rapt'rous flight,
From scenes of care to realms of endless day.

How all is changed!—the hearts that once were gay,
No longer now with kindling transports bound,
The wreaths of sorrow strew life's weary way,
And universal sadness reigns around.

Celestial virtue held supreme controul
Within thy bosom's consecrated cell,
And round the sphere of thy exalted soul,
Each great and noble feeling lov'd to dwell.

Blest were the charms thy goodness could impart;
And thine, Lorenzo, was the soothing power,
To cheer with welcome smiles the drooping heart,
And blunt the sting of many a trying hour.

To thee, the shiv'ring victims of despair
Ne'er raised with tears their trembling hands in vain;
Thy generous bosom banish'd every care,
And lull'd the pangs of poverty and pain.

Thine was a friendship constant, chaste, sincere,
By all belov'd, unfetter'd, mild, and free,
And many a way-worn widow's grateful tear,
In sweet memorial soars to heaven with thee.

For thee no more these hallow'd haunts among
Shall wakening echoes strike the tuneful shell,
Nor warbling tones from beauty's syren tongue,
In ling'ring notes the love-lorn cadence swell.

The calm serene of evening's peaceful hours,
When pensive moonlight glimmers on the plain,
No more shall lure thee to these woodbine bowers,
No more invite thee to these walks again.

Departed excellence!—can I no more
Thy generous bosom's glowing transports prove,
Nor prayers, nor tears, thy faded form restore,
Or bring thee back to friendship and to love?

No!—'mid the gloomy mansions of the dead,
In solemn silence wrapt, thy spirit sleeps,
And cold, and wildly, o'er thy grassy bed,
The murm'ring, mournful, chilly nightwind creeps.

And oh! Lorenzo, if thy sainted shade
Now hovers near to soothe my soul to rest,
Accept the sorrowing lay the muse has paid,
To one of all mankind she lov'd the best.

And, since thou'rt wafted to a happier shore,
Sad through the walks of life I glide along;
The rosy hours of joy I'll court no more,
No more I'll join the cheerful sons of song.

But, stealing far from every human eye,
To thy cold urn unheeded I'll repair,
Breathe o'er thy grave affection's warmest sigh,
And love's last tribute fondly cherish there.

AMICUS

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

THE BOOK; *containing the Investigation of the Conduct of the Princess of Wales before Lords Erskine, Spencer, Grenville, and Ellenborough, the four Commissioners of Enquiry appointed by the King in the year* 1806: *prepared for publication by the late Right Honourable Spencer Perceval.* Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. *pp.* 260. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

(*Continued from page* 301.)

IN resuming the subject under review, we shall pass over matter of less interest, and proceed to the most important document in this publication,—the DEFENCE of the Princess; which is drawn up with singular acuteness, precision, and ability. It is contained in a Letter to his Majesty, dated October 2d, 1806, and is to the following effect:—

"TO THE KING.

"SIRE,

"Impressed with the deepest sentiments of gratitude, for the countenance and protection which I have hitherto uniformly received from your Majesty, I approach you, with a heart undismayed, upon this occasion, so awful and momentous to my character, my honour, and my happiness. I should, indeed (under charges such as have now been brought against me), prove myself undeserving of the continuance of that countenance and protection, and altogether unworthy of the high station which I hold in your Majesty's illustrious family, if I sought for any partiality, for any indulgence, for any thing *more* than

what is due to me in justice. My entire confidence in your Majesty's virtues assures me that I cannot meet with *less*.

"The situation which I have been so happy as to hold in your Majesty's good opinion and esteem; my station in your Majesty's august family; my life, my honour, and, through mine, the honour of your Majesty's family have been attacked. Sir John and Lady Douglas have attempted to support a direct and precise charge, by which they have dared to impute to me the enormous guilt of High Treason, committed in the foul crime of Adultery. In this charge, the extravagance of their malice has defeated itself. The Report of the Lords Commissioners, acting under your Majesty's warrant, has most fully cleared me of that charge. But there remain imputations, strangely sanctioned, and countenanced by that Report, on which I cannot remain silent, without incurring the most fatal consequences to my honour and character. For it states to your Majesty, that "The circumstances detailed against me must be credited, till they are decisively contradicted."

"To contradict, with as much decision as the contradiction of an accused can convey; to expose the injustice and malice of my enemies; to shew the utter impossibility of giving credit to their testimony; and to vindicate my own innocence, will be the objects, Sire, of this letter. In the course of my pursuing these objects, I shall have much to complain of, in the substance of the Proceeding itself, and much in the manner of conducting it. That any of these charges should ever have been entertained, upon testimony so little worthy of belief, which betrayed, in every sentence, the malice in which it originated; that, even if they were entertained at all, your Majesty should have been advised to pass by the ordinary legal modes of Inquiry into such high crimes, and to refer them to a Commission, open to all the objection which I shall have to state to such a mode of Inquiry; that the Commission-

ers, after having negatived the principal charge of substantive crime, should have entertained considerations of matters that amounted to no legal offence, and which were adduced, not as substantive charges in themselves, but as matters in support of the principal accusation; that, through the pressure and weight of their official occupations, they did not, perhaps could not, bestow that attention on the case, which, if given to it, must have enabled them to detect the villany and falsehood of my accusers, and their foul conspiracy against me; and must have preserved my character from the weighty imputation which the authority of the Commissioners has, for a time, cast upon it; but, above all, that they should, upon this *ex parte* examination, without hearing one word that I could urge, have reported to your Majesty an opinion on these matters, so prejudicial to my honour, and from which I can have no appeal to the laws of the country (because the charges, constituting no legal offence, cannot be made the ground of a judicial inquiry);—these, and many other circumstances, connected with the length of the Proceeding, which have cruelly aggravated, to my feelings, the pain necessarily attendant upon this Inquiry, I shall not be able to refrain from stating, and urging, as matters of serious lamentation, at least, if not of well-grounded complaint.

"In commenting upon any part of the circumstances which have occurred in the course of this Inquiry, whatever observations I may be compelled to make upon any of them, I trust I never shall forget what is due to officers in high station and employment under your Majesty. No apology, therefore, can be required, for any reserve in my expressions towards them. But if, in vindicating my innocence against the injustice and malice of my enemies, I should appear to your Majesty not to express myself with all the warmth and indignation which innocence, so foully calumniated, must feel, your Majesty will, I trust, not attribute my forbearance to any insensibility to

the grievous injuries I have sustained; but will graciously be pleased to ascribe it to the restraint I have imposed upon myself, lest, in endeavouring to describe in just terms the motives, the conduct, the perjury, and all the foul circumstances which characterise and establish the malice of my accusers, I might use language which, though not unjustly applied to them, might be improper to be used by me to any body, or unfit to be employed by any body humbly, respectfully, and dutifully addressing your Majesty.

"Upon the question, how far the advice is agreeable to law, under which it was recommended to your Majesty, to issue this Warrant or Commission, not countersigned, nor under Seal, and without any of your Majesty's advisers, therefore, being, on the face of it, responsible for its issuing, I am not competent to determine. And, undoubtedly, considering that the two high legal authorities, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, consented to act under it, it is with the greatest doubt and diffidence that I can bring myself to express any suspicion of its illegality. But if it be, as I am given to understand it is, open to question, whether consistently with law, your Majesty should have been advised to command, by this Warrant or Commission, persons (not to act in any known character, as Secretaries of State, as Privy Counsellers, as Magistrates otherwise empowered; but) to act as Commissioners, and, under the sole authority of such Warrant, to inquire (without any authority to hear and determine any thing upon the subject of those Inquiries), into the known crime of High Treason, under the sanction of oaths, to be administered by them, as such Commissioners, and to report the result thereof to your Majesty. If, I say, there can be any question upon the legality of such a Warrant or Commission, the extreme hardship with which it has operated upon me, the extreme prejudice which it has done to my character, and to which such a proceeding must ever ex-

pose the person who is the object of it, obliges me, till I am fully convinced of its legality, to forbear from acknowledging its authority; and, with all humility and deference to your Majesty, to protest against it, and against all the proceedings under it.

"If this, indeed, were matter of mere form, I should be ashamed to urge it. But the actual hardships and prejudice which I have suffered, by this proceeding, are most obvious. For, upon the principal charge against me, the Commissioners have most satisfactorily, and "without the least hesitation," for such is their expression, reported their opinion of its falsehood. Sir John and Lady Douglas, therefore, who have sworn to its truth, have been guilty of the plainest falsehood; yet, upon the supposition of the illegality of this Commission, their falsehood must, as I am informed, go unpunished. Upon that supposition, the want of legal authority in the Commissioners to inquire and to administer an oath, will render it impossible to give to this falsehood the character of Perjury. But this is by no means the circumstance which I feel the most severely. Beyond the vindicating of my own character, and the consideration of providing for my future security, I can assure your Majesty, that the punishment of Sir John and Lady Douglas would afford me no satisfaction. It is not, therefore, with regard to that part of the charge which is negatived, but with respect to those which are sanctioned by the Report; those which, not aiming at my life, exhaust themselves upon my character, and which the Commissioners have, in some measure, sanctioned by their Report, that I have the greatest reason to complain. Had the Report sanctioned the principal charge, constituting a known legal crime, my innocence would have emboldened me, at all risque (and to more, no person has ever been exposed, from the malice and falsehood of accusers), to have demanded that trial, which could legally determine upon the truth or falsehood of such charge. Though I should even then, indeed, have

had some cause to complain, because I should have gone to that trial under the prejudice necessarily raised against me by that Report; yet, in a proceeding before the just, open, and known tribunals of your Majesty's kingdom, I should have had a safe appeal from the result of an *ex parte* investigation; an investigation which has exposed me to all the hardships of a *secret* Inquiry, without giving me the benefit of *secrecy*; and to all the severe consequences of a public investigation, in point of injury to my character, without affording me any of its substantial benefits, in point of security. But the charges which the Commissioners do sanction by their Report, describing them with a mysterious obscurity and indefinite generality, constitute, as I am told, no legal crime. They are described as 'instances of great impropriety and indecency of behaviour,' which must 'occasion the most unfavourable interpretations,' and they are reported to your Majesty, and they are stated to be, 'circumstances which must be credited till they are decisively contradicted.'"

The Princess, after some pertinent observations, of a general nature, recapitulates the evidence of Sir John and Lady Douglas, and impeaching their testimonies by arguments that must strike conviction to every unprejudiced mind, thus glances at the motives by which they were actuated, with much ingenuity.

"Must it not, then, have occurred to any one, who had seen the whole of this Narrative, if the motive of my accusers was, as they represent it, merely that of good patriots, of attached and loyal subjects, bound, in execution of a painful duty imposed upon them by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to disclose, in detail, all the facts which could establish my guilt, that these circumstances never would have made a part of their detail? But, on the other hand, if their object was to traduce me;—if, falsely attributing to His Royal Highness sentiments

which could belong to no generous bosom, but measuring his nature by their own, they thought, vainly and wickedly, to ingratiate themselves with him, by being the instruments of accomplishing my ruin;—if, aiming at depriving me of my rank and station, or of driving me from this country, they determined to bring forward a charge of Treason against me, which, though they knew in their consciences it was false, yet they might hope would serve at least as a cover and a pretence for such an imputation upon my character, as, rendering my life intolerable in this country, might drive me to seek a refuge in another; if, the better to effectuate this purpose, they had represented all my misfortunes as my faults, and *my* faults alone, drawn an odious and disgusting picture of me, to extinguish every sentiment of pity and compassion, which, in the generosity not only of your Majesty's royal bosom, and of the members of your Royal Family, but of all the inhabitants of your kingdom, might arise to commiserate the unfortunate situation of a stranger, persecuted under a charge originating in their malice;—if, for this, they flung out, that I had justly forfeited my station in society, and that a separation from my husband was what I myself had once wished, and what the Chancellor might now, perhaps, procure for me;—or if, in short, their object was to obtain my condemnation by prejudice, inflamed by falsehood, which never could be obtained by justice, informed by truth, then the whole texture of the declaration is consistent, and it is well contrived and executed for its purpose. But it is strange, that its purpose should have escaped the detection of intelligent and impartial minds. There was enough, at least, to have made them pause, before they gave such a degree of credit to informations of this description, as to have made them the foundations of so important and decisive a step, as that of advising them to be laid before your Majesty."

Her Royal Highness then adverts to the declarations of

William Cole, Robert Bidgood, and Fanny Lloyd, imputing to the Princess an undue familiarity and intimacy with Sir Sydney Smyth, Mr. Lawrence, and Captain Manby; the falsehood of which she detects and establishes by a force of reasoning no less perspicuous than unanswerable.

The following extract will give the reader some insight into their characters and diabolical views:—

"With respect to Cole, Bidgood, and Lloyd, they have all lived in their places for a long time; they had lived with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales before he married, and were appointed by him to situations about me; Cole and Lloyd immediately upon my marriage, and Bidgood very shortly afterwards. I know not whether, from this circumstance, they may consider themselves as not owing that undivided duty and regard to me which servants of my own appointment might possibly have felt; but if I knew nothing more of them, than that they had consented to be voluntarily examined, for the purpose of supporting the statement of Lady Douglas, on a charge so deeply affecting my honour, without communicating to me the fact of such examination, your Majesty would not, I am sure, be surprised to find, that I saw, in that circumstance alone, sufficient to raise *some* suspicions of an unfavourable bias. But when I find Cole, particularly, submitting to this secret and voluntary examination against me, no less than *four* times, and when I found, during the pendency of this Inquiry before the Commissioners, that one of them, R. Bidgood, was so far connected, and in league, with Sir John and Lady Douglas, as to have communication with the latter, I thought I saw the proof of such decided hostility and confederacy against me, that I felt obliged to order the discontinuance of his attendance at my house till further orders.

"Mr. Cole was a very disagreeable servant to me; he was a man who, as I always conceived, had been edu-

cated above his station. He talked French, and was a musician, playing well on the violin.—By these qualifications he had got admitted occasionally into better company, and this probably led to that forward and obtrusive conduct, which I thought extremely offensive and impertinent in a servant. I had long been extremely displeased with him; I had discovered, that, when I went out, he would come into my drawing-room, and play on my harpsichord, or sit there, reading my books;—and, in short, there was a forwardness which would have led to my absolutely discharging him a long time before, if I had not made a sort of rule to myself, to forbear, as long as possible, from removing any servant who had been placed about me by his Royal Highness."

In regard to the visits of Sir Sydney Smyth to Montague House, to which so much criminality is attached by the persons before-mentioned, the Princess makes the following satisfactory explanation:—

"It happened, that about this time I fitted up, as your Majesty may have observed, one of the rooms in my house after the fashion of a Turkish Tent. Sir Sydney furnished me with a pattern for it, in a drawing of the Tent of Murat Bey, which he had brought over with him from Egypt. And he taught me how to draw Egyptian Arabesques, which were necessary for the ornaments of the ceiling; this may have occasioned, while that room was fitting up, several visits, and possibly some, though I do not recollect them, as early in the morning as Mr. Bidgood mentions. I believe, also, that it has happened more than once, that, walking with my ladies in the Park, we have met Sir Sydney Smith, and that he has come in, with us, through the gate from the Park. My ladies may have gone up to take off their cloaks, or to dress, and have left me alone with him; and, at some one of these times, it may very possibly have happened, that Mr. Cole

and Mr. Bidgood may have seen him, when he has not come through the waiting-room, nor been let in by any of the footmen. But I solemnly declare to your Majesty, that I have not the least idea or belief that he ever had a key of the gate into the Park, or that he ever entered in, or passed out at the gate, except in company with myself and my ladies. As for the circumstance of my permitting him to be in the room alone with me; if suffering a man to be so alone is evidence of guilt, from whence the Commissioners can draw any unfavourable inference, I must leave them to draw it. For I cannot deny that it has happened, and happened frequently; not only with Sir Sydney Smith, but with many, many others; gentlemen who have visited me; tradesmen who have come to receive my orders; masters whom I have had to instruct me, in painting, in music, in English, &c. that I have received them without any one being by. In short, I trust I am not confessing a crime, for unquestionably it is a truth, that I never had an idea that there was any thing wrong, or objectionable, in thus seeing men, in the morning, and I confidently believe your Majesty will see nothing in it, from which any guilt can be inferred. I feel certain that there is nothing immoral in the thing itself; and I have always understood, that it was perfectly customary and usual for ladies of the first rank, and the first character, in the country, to receive the visits of gentlemen in a morning, though they might be themselves alone at the time. But if, in the opinions and fashions of this country, there should be more impropriety ascribed to it, than what it ever entered into my mind to conceive, I hope your Majesty, and every candid mind, will make allowance for the different notions which my foreign education and foreign habits may have given me.

"Your Majesty has, therefore, now before you the state of the charge against me, as far as it respects Sir Sydney Smith. And this is, as I understand the Report, one of the charges, *which, with its unfavourable interpre-*

tations, must, in the opinion of the Commissioners, be credited, till decidedly contradicted."

To repel the base insinuation of Cole, as to any improper intimacy between the Princess and Mr. Lawrence, the following brief statement will suffice.

"Mr. Lawrence," says her Royal Highness, "began a large picture of me, and of my daughter, towards the latter end of the year 1800, or the beginning of 1801. Miss Garth and Miss Hayman were in the house with me at the time. The picture was painted at Montague House. Mr. Lawrence mentioned to Miss Hayman his wish to be permitted to remain some few nights in the house, that by rising early he might begin painting on the picture before Princess Charlotte (whose residence being at that time at Shooter's Hill, was enabled to come early), or myself, came to sit. It was a similar request to that which had been made by Sir William Beechy, when he painted my picture. And I was sensible of no impropriety when I granted the request to either of them. Mr. Lawrence occupied the same room which had been occupied by Sir William Beechy;—it was at the other end of the house from my apartment.

"At that time Mr. Lawrence did not dine with me; his dinner was served in his own room. After dinner, he came down to the room where I and my ladies generally sat in an evening; sometimes there was music, in which he joined; and sometimes he read poetry. Parts of Shakspeare's plays I particularly remember, from his reading them very well; and sometimes he played chess with me."

In the investigation of these circumstances, the conduct of Cole appears to be that of a designing and unprincipled fellow. Speaking of this man, the Princess emphatically remarks;—

"To me, who know many parts of his testimony to be absolutely false, and all the colouring given to it to be wholly from his own wicked and malicious invention, it seems plain, that these differences in his representations are the unsteady, awkward shuffles and prevarications of falsehood.".

The next person with whom these examinations accuse the Princess with an improper familiarity, and with regard to which the Report represents the declarations as particularly strong, is Captain Manby. With respect to him, the evidence on which the Commissioners principally rely, on this part of the case, is Mrs. Lisle's. To rebut the allegations of this lady, and attest her innocence, her Royal Highness enters into some particulars that reflect no less credit upon her discernment than humanity.

"Captain Manby had, in the Autumn of the year 1802, been introduced to me by Lady Townshend, when I was upon a visit to her, at Rainham. I think he came there only the day before I left it. He was a naval officer, as I understood, and as I still believe, of great merit. What little expence, in the way of charity, I am able to afford, I am best pleased to dedicate to the education of the children of poor, but honest persons; and I most generally bring them up to the service of the Navy. I had at that time two boys at school, whom I thought of an age fit to be put to sea. I desired Lady Townsend to prevail upon Captain Manby to take them. He consented to it, and of course I was obliged to him.

"About this time, or shortly afterwards, he was appointed to the *Africaine*, a ship which was fitting up at Deptford. To be near his ship, as I understood and believe, he took lodgings at Blackheath; and as to the mere fact of his being so frequently at my house,—his intimacy and friendship with Lord and Lady Townsend, which, of itself, was assurance to me of his respectability and cha-

racter—my pleasure in shewing my respect to them, by notice and attention to a friend of theirs,—his undertaking the care of my charity boys,—and his accidental residence at Blackheath, will, I should trust, not unreasonably account for it. I have a similar account likewise to give of paying for the linen furniture, with which his cabin was furnished. Wishing to make him some return for his trouble with the boys, I desired that I might choose the pattern of his furniture. I not only chose it, but had it sent to him, and paid the bill; finding, however, that it did not come to more than about twenty pounds, I thought it a shabby present, and therefore added some trifling present of plate. So I have frequently done, and I hope without offence may be permitted to do again to any Captain, on whom I impose such trouble. Sir Samuel Hood has now two of my charity boys with him; and I have presented him with a silver Epergne. I should be ashamed to mention such things, but your Majesty perceives that they are made the subject of Inquiry from Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Stikeman, and I was desirous that they should not appear to be particular in the case of Captain Manby.

Impressed with a firm conviction that a most abominable conspiracy existed, fatal to the honour, the station, and the life of the Princess, we shall not advert to the disgusting allegations of Bidgood and Fanny Lloyd, farther than to say, that their base insinuations are most ably and satisfactorily refuted. All that Bidgood dared to assert, it is observed, rests upon suspicion, without the shadow of proof, "Yet, strange as it may appear, the witness is assumed by the commissioners, without hesitation, to be the witness of truth, of unquestionable veracity. Not the faintest trace is there to be found of a single question put to him, to try and sift the credit which was due to him, or to her story."

Appealing then to the feelings of his Majesty, the

Princess concludes her defence in the following animated terms:—

Under these circumstances, Sire, what could I do? Could I forbear, in justice to myself, to announce to your Majesty the existence of a conspiracy against my honour, and my station in this country at least, if not against my life? Could I forbear to point out to your Majesty, how long this intended mischief had been meditated against me? Could I forbear to point out my doubts, at least, of the legality of the Commission under which the proceeding had been had? or to point out the errors and inaccuracies, into which the great and able men who were named in this commission, under the hurry and pressure of their great official occupations, had fallen, in the execution of this duty? Could I forbear to state, and to urge, the great injustice and injury that had been done to my character and my honour, by opinions pronounced against me without hearing me? And if, in the execution of this great task, so essential to my honour, I have let drop any expressions which a colder, and more cautious prudence would have checked, I appeal to your Majesty's warm heart, and generous feelings, to suggest my excuse, and to afford my pardon.

In happier days of my life, before my spirit had been yet at all lowered by my misfortunes, I should have been disposed to have met such a charge with the contempt which, I trust, by this time, your Majesty thinks due to it; I should have been disposed to have defied my enemies to the utmost, and to have scorned to answer to any thing but a legal charge, before a competent tribunal; but in my present misfortunes, such force of mind is gone. I ought, perhaps, so far to be thankful to them for their wholesome lessons of humility. I have, therefore, entered into this long detail, to endeavour to remove, at the first possible opportunity, any unfavourable impressions; to rescue myself from the dangers which the continuance of these suspicions might occasion, and to

preserve to me your Majesty's good opinion, in whose kindness, hitherto, I have found infinite consolation, and to whose justice, under all circumstances, I can confidently appeal.

Under the impression of these sentiments, I throw myself at your Majesty's feet. I know, that whatever sentiments of resentment, whatever wish for redress, by the punishment of my false accusers, I ought to feel, your Majesty, as the father of a stranger, smarting under false accusation, as the head of your illustrious House dishonoured in me, and as the great guardian of the laws of your kingdom, thus foully attempted to have been applied to the purposes of injustice, will not fail to feel for me. At all events, I trust your Majesty will restore me to the blessing of your gracious presence, and confirm to me, by your own gracious words, your satisfactory conviction of my innocence.

I am,

SIRE,

With every sentiment of gratitude and loyalty,

Your Majesty's most affectionate

and dutiful Daughter-in-Law,

Subject and Servant,

C. P.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. C.'s Essay on Religion is more adapted to the Moralist than the Gossiper, to which it will be referred.—The esteemed communication of "Agnes" will be attended to.—Harriet, a Tale, shall appear; but we hope it will prove a *Nouvellette*.—The desire of Mrs. Kyne will be complied with.—The Anticipatory Ode will not suit our Miscellany.—The Lines on the Sufferings of the Russians shall have place in our next, to which Altidem, J. M. B. and various other articles, are unavoidably postponed.—The favours of our Correspondents should reach our Publisher by the 10th of each month, to ensure their insertion.

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Full, or *Evening Dress*, is composed of a three-quarter dress of white sarsnet, made *full* low in the bosom, and fastened down the centre with rosettes of pearls, and edged with silver; silver or pearl tiara, with French black veil; white shoes and gloves. This dress is worn over a white satin petticoat. Shawl of *puce* purple, or light fawn.

Morning Dress.—A bright green satin spencer, lined with pink, or maiden's blush, with the ends rather low before, terminated with silk tassels; bonnet and feather of the same colour and materials, or a white ostrich feather. This spencer, or jacket *au garçon*, is worn over a mull muslin white dress, made high in the throat. Green shoes, and pink gloves.

LONDON DRESSES

For JUNE 1813.

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